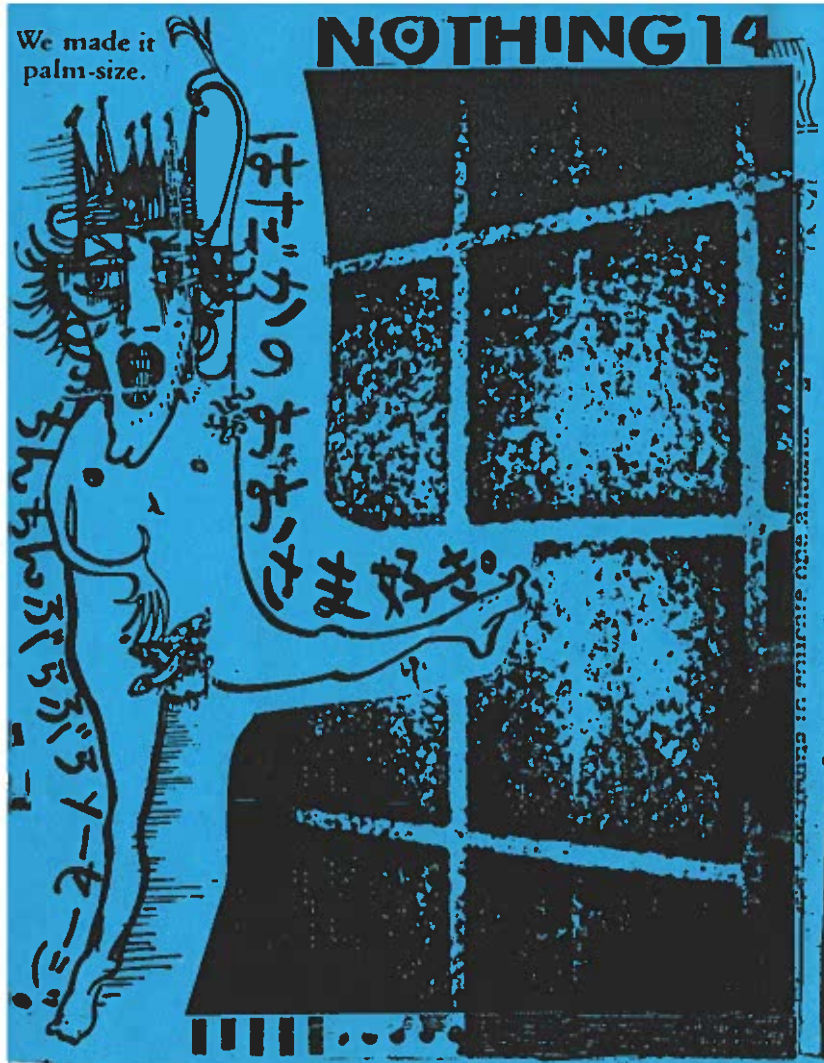
nothing you've ever heard of

14

We made it
palm-size.

NOTHING 14



DEREK JUST FINISHED TELLING ME A STORY ABOUT HIS WHITE-TRASH COUSIN WHO ANNOUNCED AT CHRISTMAS THAT SHE WAS MANIAC DEPRESSING.

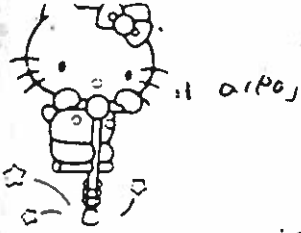
dave neeson 1349

ford rd

lyndhurst oh 44124.

IT'S THE SIMPLE THINGS. IT REALLY IS.....

a staunch resistance
to all things
creative and
insightful
R
et
ail



, PhD, Human Services
nt, Spring/Summer, 1987
mont)

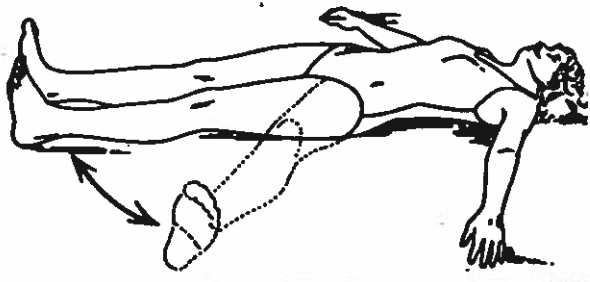
ry four elders
ca, nearly 6.5
rs,' Moreover,
have a larger
65 years (Clif-
Indeed, rural
est percentage
age (15.4%);
rt of the urban
to as suburban)
0.0%].

41

dave neeson
kevin gaier
alex hickox
derek erdman
parachel
hilary
leyna papach

joel mcatoms

i originally wrote a lengthy intro for this about how boring and unsatisfying i find certain aspects of the punk scene, and how i wanted to stay away from those kinds of topics in my zine, and y'know, just basically being as dumb and boring as all of the other complaining babies, different only because i was complaining *about* them, and that's backwards and stupid.



as a result of this line of thinking my zine ~~[illegible]~~ to ~~[illegible]~~ and ~~[illegible]~~ (~~unless people decide to contribute~~) ~~i am no writer and i don't have any zany PR travel adventure stories.~~ my message to the world is this.... everyone please stop listening to jawbreaker.

—DAVID ♡

MAIL;

1) silly drawing by idy.
2) whistle toy that wouldn't copy.
3) hk greeting card.
4) trading card.

Dear harriet,

You have waved to my length
and baked my breadth

you are My mewest p e t

ad I present tense a cat

short for bayonet

"bacteria" is here
and it likes

relax with pep sing-a-long
little bird

But hey, I want your words
so please send a contribution
or we perform typectomy

oh it is not a threat, you know
the ways of the desperate.

Harriet, this unitego will last
and Eye am fast

I had a cat
named lentil

nettie

now a bird

Erik B & Rakim*

steal from the real
feel

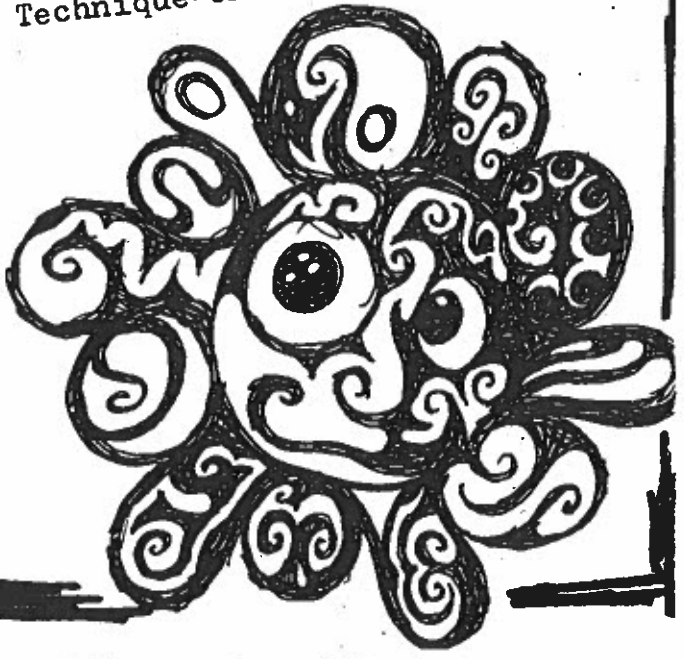
da dopest

no pest but plaese rite hoe-kay?
I am in love with them style pile
file me fast
I target my pzst
My PSD

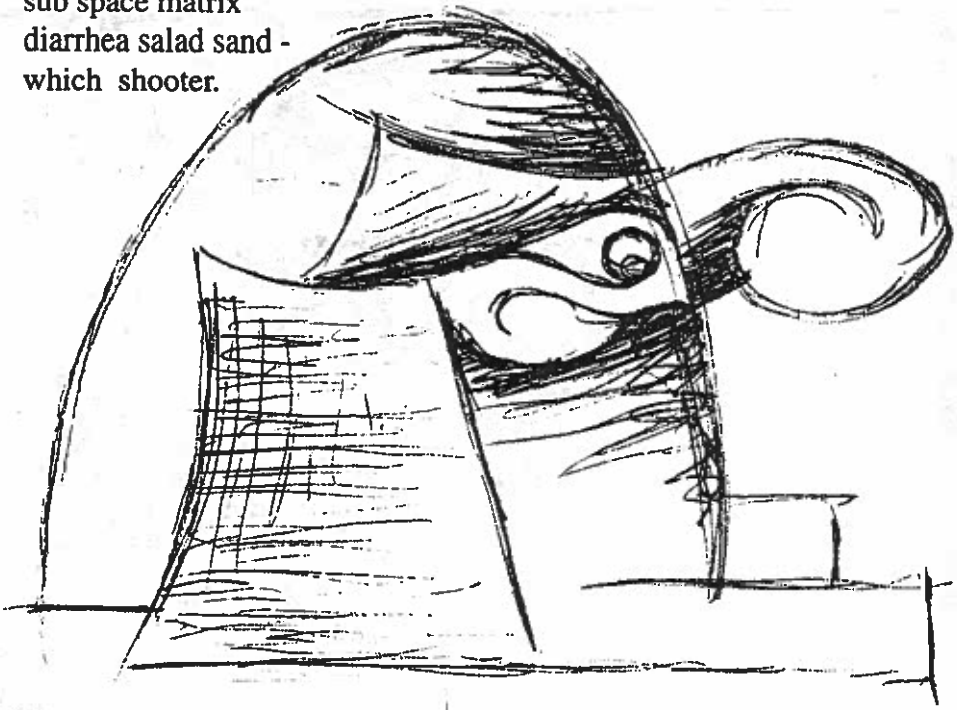
Mi kronaut

*Don't Sweat
the Technique-CD trk7

peace



sub space matrix
diarrhea salad sand -
which shooter.



a pio- neer in the irreversible blend- ing of rock & roll and tattoo-

we went to see this band

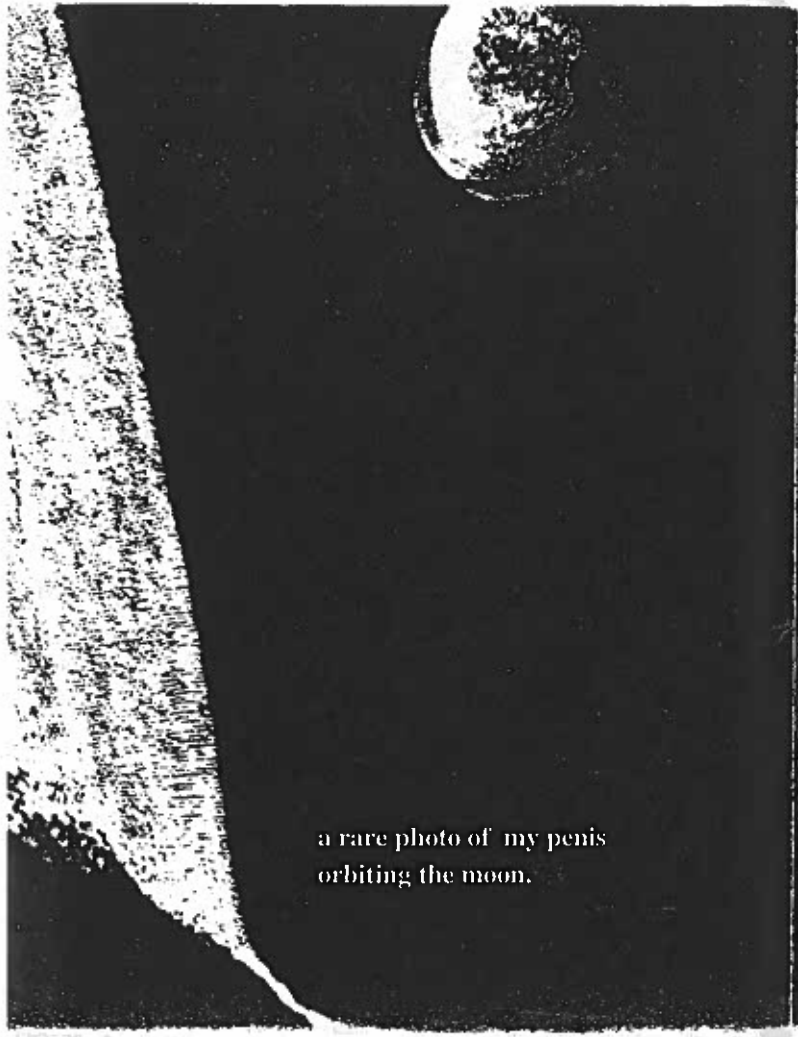
abnegation play, brian robin and i, one night. and being the snooty-arty-punks we are, we started questioning the merit of their name because it sounds almost silly with self-importance (impotence). it struck us as odd that so many people were getting behind this band, buying stuff, cheering singing along, when most of them probably had no idea what the name ment. we didn't either, but the point is we also didn't find them to be the least bit interesting, so we had no real reason tio find out, but asked anyway out of curiosity. we then decided to take a survey and find out how many people knew what it meant (if any.) i lost the results, so i can't give you the exact figures, but the number of people who had any idea what the name meant were no mor than a tenth of the people who were fully into the band. and most of the peole who claimed to know all gave different answers that could in some ways be *interpreted* as correct. the point is, it's becoming somewhat fashionable in certain hard core circles to give your band a real meaningful sounding name, and it sells, kids totally go for it and somewhere in there subconscious mind know that this word is somehow meaningful, but don't bother to find out, and that's rediculous.

one member of this bad didn't take too kindly to what we were doing and got very defensive, asking why we were messing with them (not our intention, by the way, we were out to prove a point, their being threatened by that only helps to prove it.) he asked, "isn't it more inportant what we stand for than what our name means.?" now, correct me if i'm wrong, but aren't those the same thing in most respect? abnegation is a militant vegan- straight edge band. their message is one of refusal, denouncement, a-b-n-e-g-a-t-i-o-n. thank you. thank you for not only boring me to death with your copy cat no style "music", but for also being a paranoid hippocrit.

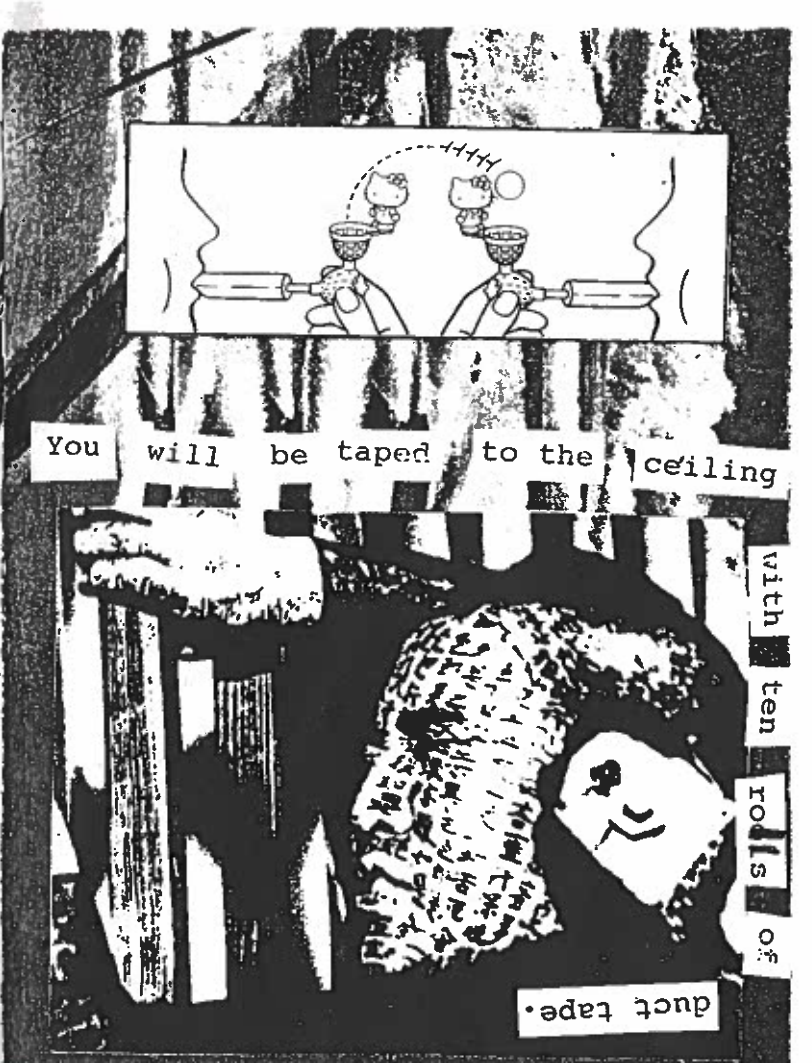
one more thing, they were distributing "hardline" paraphenalia that had many bad things to say about homo sexuals, and yet they were socializing freely with one note able "queer" straight edge boy. that goes along with the age old, he's a nazi, but i'mcoõl with him scenario we've seen so many times. but that's another story.

ab-ne-gate v. deny; to refuse or renounce

abnegator n., abnegation n.



a rare photo of my penis
orbiting the moon.


You will be taped to the ceiling
with ten rolls of
duct tape.

UN REST

unrest played at the euclid tavern mon jan 24. i wanted to interview them but had no dictaphone device on my person, so i asked mark robinson to please write something interesting on a peice of paper for me.

manageable disasters that have happenad to unrest in the 4 days that they have been on tour 1/21-1/24 1994.

1. mark broke the driver's side door to the van so it would not close. a rope was tied to the inside of the door and the other end to mark's foot. (it was fixed gratis by a nice gentlemen hours later.)

EXHIBIT

19

2. bridget "accidentally" poured a bowl of soup (hot green pea) into michelle's lap. she was wearing overalls at the time.

3. mark "accidentally" let his plate of french fries crash to the floor of a greek diner, shards of plate and potatoes covered the floor.

4. a guitar was left at our friends house in buffalo.

ch yeah, the show was really good too! you can write to unrest/ teen beat records at po box 50373 washington dc 20091.

kill city babies interview

★★★★★

nothing- whatever happened to the mission? you guys used to sound like shit, you had no songs, and you were all talk, egoist terrorists. now you're actually plAying music..

derek- we got insecure about there being six people watching us play, and now when we play there's at least fourteen people there,

nothing-what's that got to do with the mission?

derek- there never was a mission...

nothing- matt used to try and make out as if there was..

ken- matt was working under cover for a while, out of arkansas.

derek- well see it was different, before ken joined the band i was the main song writer, and everything was kinda simple, and now we have ken, who's an incredible song writer. i guess we're still pretty unruly.

ken- i just want to blame it on the rain because i never think we're having a good show.

nothing-when do you think you'll have a good show?

ken- near the end of the millenium.

derek- ithought we played good last week. we had monitors.

ken- our best show was in my dorm room. there were people outside dancing around, we didn't expect that.

derek- the less we practice, the better we sound.

ken- you think that's true? we never practice.

(kiid walks up)

kid- i thought you sounded good.

nothing- and what is your name?

kid-jim.

nothing- jim goes on record as having liked kcb.

ken- i've got a spot on my eye, and it's getting bigger, apparently my eyes are being strained. what's happening is peices of my iris are being pulled by the elongation of the eye.

nothing- who's behind this?

i think it's the people who created space invaders.

nothing- why would they be after you.
ken-they never liked me much. you see, what it is, the eye elongates so a piece of the iris is pulled appart. it's called afloater. my grandfather told me that much. i can cover things up with it, like dereks head for instance..
nothing- sort of like smashing it with your thumb and index finger.
ken- right.
derek- i was thinking about making a travel zine about how i ripped everybody off. "some

really nice people let me stay at their house, so i stole their vcr."
nothing- are you going to actually do it or..
derek- no, none of it will be true, just put it out and have all these people saying, that wasn't a nice thing you did, and like how i was on the bus and this little girl was behind me, and she was talikg about how much she liked her grover lunch box, then she went to the bathroom and i took it, she cried for the next three hours because she didn't have it anymore. and y'know things like that.
joel (intejecting outsider) how do you feel about ninja's?
ken- uh...

joel- terrrible answer ken! how about candy/
ken- lot's of candy!
what's your fav ...
ken- chocolate ice cream and banana cream pie.....!
nothing....orite.
joel- if you went into a chinese restaraunt to order some food, and none of the people were chinese, would you still eat there?
ken (indignant) no.
joel- what if no matter what you asked for you got a hamburger?
(no one answers)
nothing- how do you feel about the mission?
ken- it's a facade. matt's in charge of setting it up. derek's in charge of our ego.
nothing- and what are you in charge of?
ken- it's their band.
nothing- so if matt says something about the band it may not hold true for you and derek, and if derek says something about the band it's not true for you and matt, and if you...
ken-...just pretend i'm in a good band. they have alot of faked anger.
(matt approaches.)
nothing - alright, the mission matt, what happened to the mission?
matt- youth movement is obviously an anology for self

destruction, we're just leading on the downward spiral, because it's cool to destroy other stuff, but

you are obviously never going to destroy everything, so if you can destroy yourself in the process, you know if you destry something people get mired in the politics of

kill city babies!: po box

3183 kent ohio 44240

why, but if you just catch it in your own self destruction..
(is this the answere to the question i asked him?)
nothing- so why aren't you destroyed yet?

derek- the beatles started off nice then they got into drugs and stuff, then all the peole who liked the nice beatles started smoking pot And that started the counter culture.
nothing- ken, do you buy a word that either of them has said?
ken- i turn mute.

ken- we're heathy kids, we're too sturdy, we try, nohing happens.
matt- see it has to do with our two ply constuction.
ken- we're gonna go back to the chip board though, figure that tears up pretty easy.
matt- cuz, y'know, everything's vegan , so it's ok.
nothing- when you say everything...
matt- everything is vegan! along those lines, everything is straight edge.
nothing- i'll buy that.
matt- keep in mind it's a ploy, the mission is still valid. how ever you have to suck people in, it's like commercialism.

forfeit rechordas:

po box 173

mentor ohio

44061-0173

velocipede

mini interviews with velocipede

conducted by

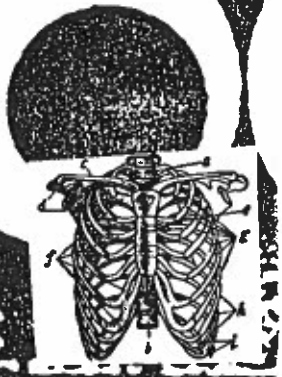
dave neeson and alex hickox.

RON

nothing- how do you feel about flossing?
ron- never do it.
nothing- what about scented dental floss?
ron- i wouldn't know, i never floss.
nothing- tara was talking about being able to smell dental floss wherever she goes..
ron- that's because she's got a line of it, imbedded in here fore head, right here (makes a gesture)
nothing- who's your favorite member of harriet the spy?
ron- alex!
nothing- have you ever been in sockeye?
ron- yeah.
nothing- how many times?
ron- um..
nothing-wrong. are the kill city babies nice to you?
ron-they are nice to me.
nothing- all the time or just when they feel like it?
ron- all the time.
nothing- even derek?
ron- even derek.
nothing- if you were a famous person who would you be?
ron- splinter, bob from splinter.
nothing- animal?
ron- tiger?
nothing- car and why-
ron- i'd be a pacer because...

jayme

nothing- why are your cheecks so rosey all of the time?
jayume- i'm always hot or cold, that's a dumb question. i wear make up.
nothing- does ron fall down like that at practice?
jayme- yes. he works it out at practice. you see, he's so tall he just makes a fool of himself. don't tell him i said that.
nothing- ok i will. who carries your equipment?
jayme- me and...
nothing- who's the most attractive member of your band and why?
jayme- john, he has long hair.



john

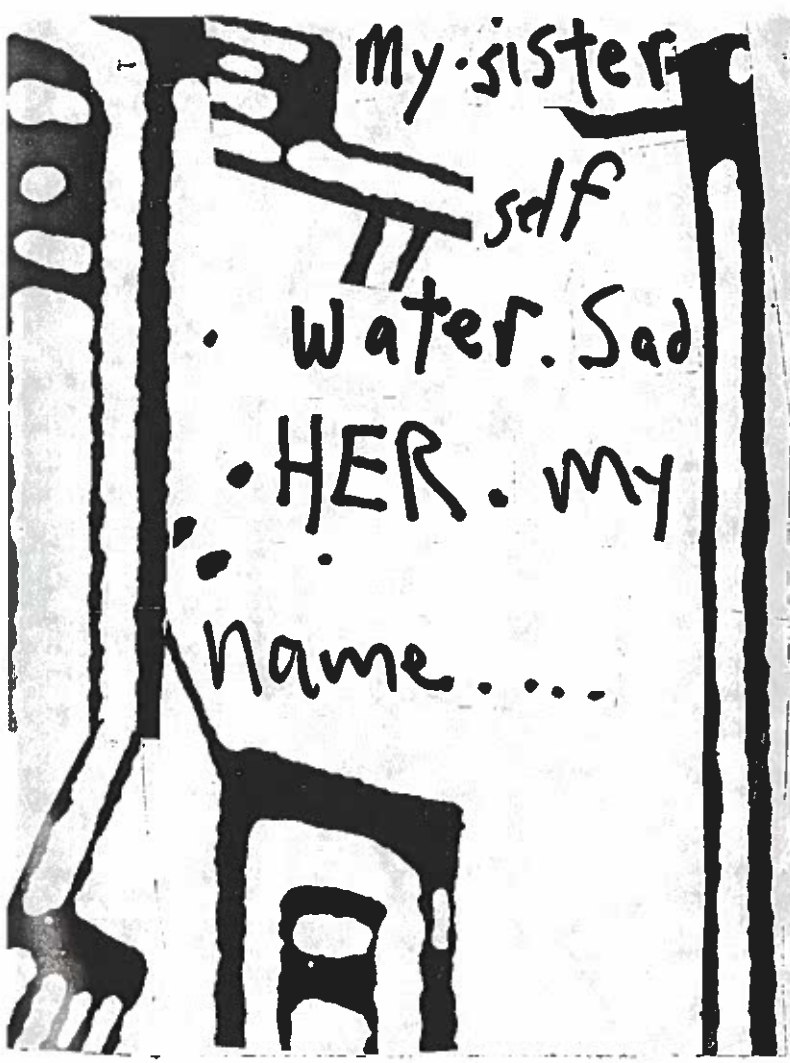
nothing- when are you being type cast for the never ending story part 3? you were brilliant in 1 and 2.
john- what?
nothing- never mind, this is an interview, say something.
john- no.
nothing- who's your favorite member of harriet the spy?
john- alex!
dave- this is a bunch of shit!

jeff

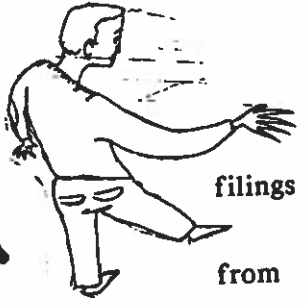
nthing- does jerry seinfeld know that you are wearing his face?
jeff- no he does not.

nothing- how'd you get it?
jeff- see, he was asleep one day, and i broke into his apartment with a bowl of hot wax, and i was hiding underneath his bed, y'know.
the i molded his face.
nothing- oh so it's a mold, not his actual face.
jeff-i took plaster and then went to aplastic surgeon and had him put my face into the mold.
nothing- see, i thought you took his actual face and put it on your face.
jeff- no, no.
nothing- ok, who's your favorite member of harriet the spy?
jeff- i don't like any of you guys.
nothing- excellent, hear that alex?
nothing- are you related to anyone famous?
jeff0 my dad invented the clapper.

t h e e n d.


my·sister
sdf
water. Sad
·HER. my
name....

tried to kill (suicide) her
with asprin
ly
she failed! I ♡
sisters
~~Captain Jollysal~~



ladyhawk

filings

from

The California Zephyr

Back on the bed. The sheets huddle together at my feet, homeless. The lamps are dark, but headlight beams swing across the bookshelves and crawl along the linoleum, eventually vanishing into the closet. My clothes are not on me, because I want to stay lonely. What would I be without a window?

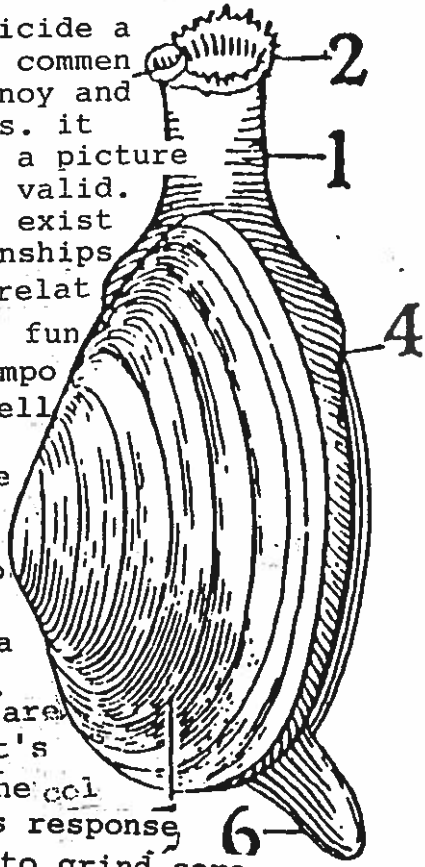
A hitch's ambiguities. I remember Reno and her, her and her guesses. "You're unhealthy, Louis. Of course I love you, but you're so fucked." She was keen enough to confuse herself so I couldn't call her evil. We'd screw each other blind in her pasty stucco apartment. "You're so good," she'd whisper. I'd keep my mouth shut. What could be worse than to hear myself speak, to see myself hunched up on this sticky woman on a disposable bed in Reno, Nevada.

But hunched I was. I was on her and in her and in her and she hated me so I kept doing it. Only once did we ever take a walk; four o'clock one Saturday morning we stepped out in the humidity, not looking at one another except to keep our pace identical. Cement buildings crowding the street housed mostly Mexican immigrants, none of whom would ever acknowledge when I was walking alone. We limped along, kicking bottles and crossing streets. There was no one around, but the Milwaukee's Best cans and Lucky's Strikes boxes, wrappers and napkins kept the sidewalk awake.

As we crossed Canal Street, I paused. The railroad tracks run through Canal Street, and as we stepped off the curb, an Amtrak train was shuttling by, blowing a howl through the projects. The California Zephyr, I guessed, because it was a double-decker with those expensive lounge car windows. Edna, the afore-mentioned hitch, touched my arm, "It's not that bad, Lou, I really believe it's not that bad." I sucked down my honesty and remained silent, focusing on the shimmering violet metals hurtling past. Twisted for rails of my own. Here and now, pleading with the window and the Montana night sky, all I can do is get dressed.

-Alexander Hickox

correctype inspecticide a waste of time or a commendable effort to annoy and confuse the coolies. it doesn't have to be a picture of something to be valid. pictures of things exist because of relationships so why not create relationships that just function well as composition but don't tell the story. if we were as punk as we all say we want to be we'd abstract our every action so much that the main would have no idea what we're up to. surrealistnotions are baby talk. "that's fucked up" is the college alternajock's response to grind core songs that break into country and polka and then back into grind core, and rob't williams esque tatoo cool paintings of taco's

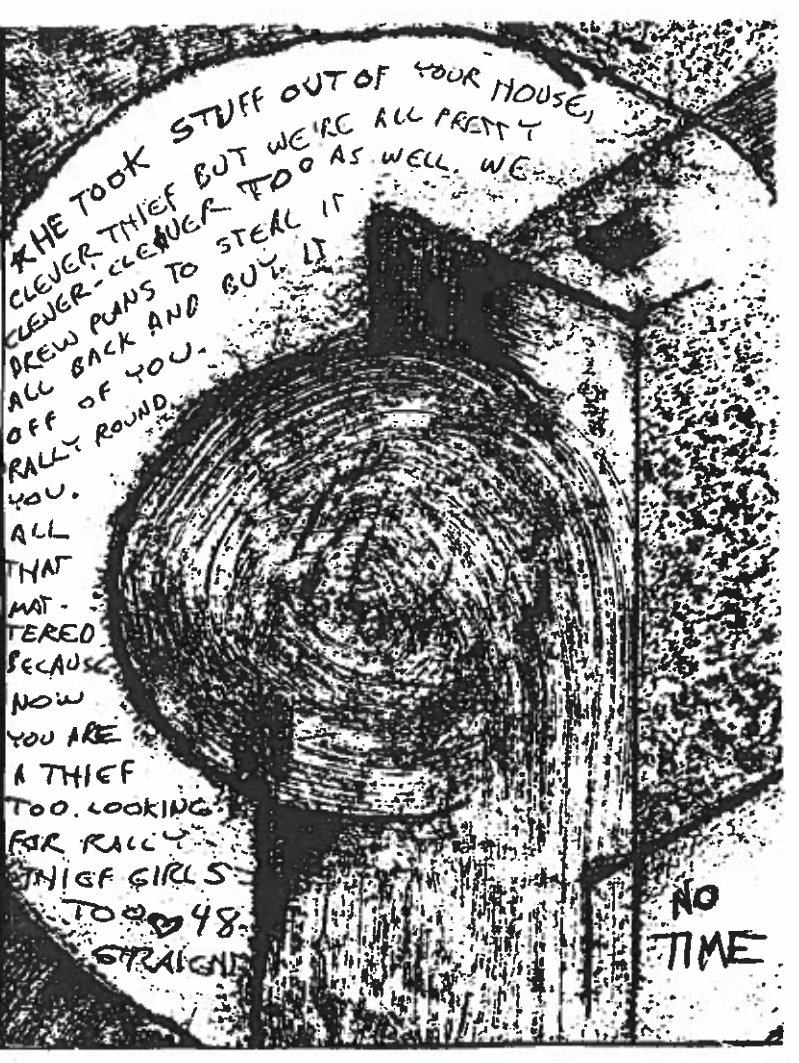


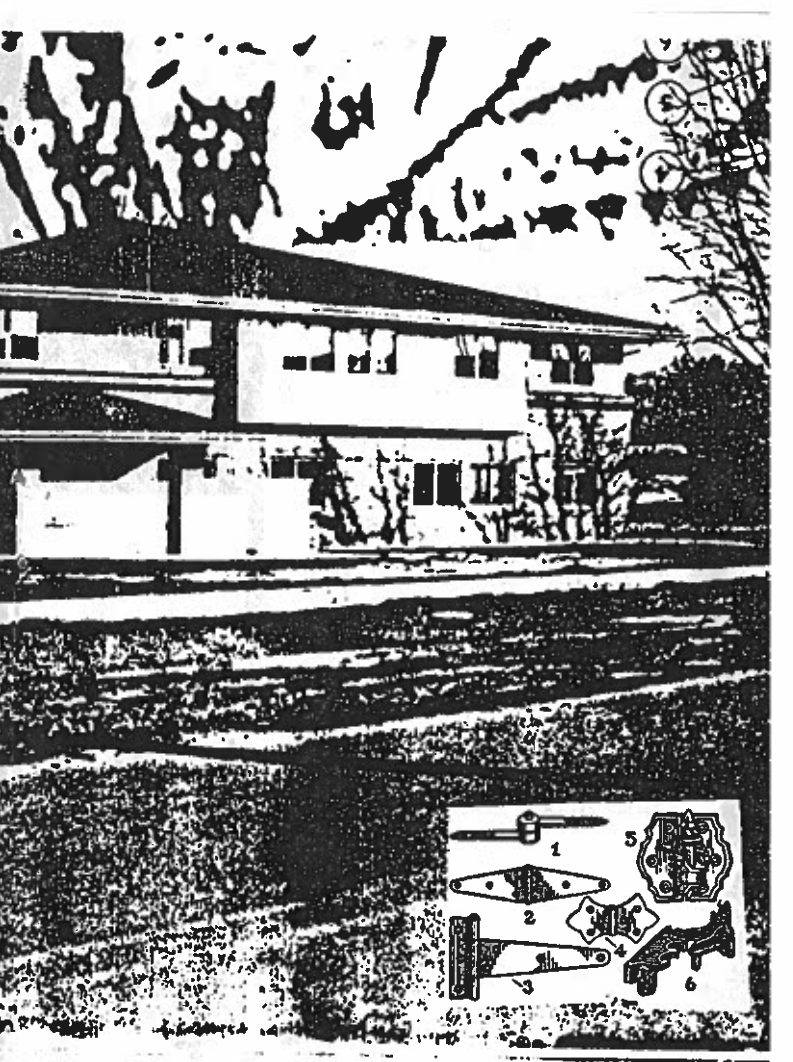
attacking a kid with ants on his
face flanked by super chested
women, "." is his response to
true subversion that i will

not explain because it is something
we must each invent for ourselves.
but what if we made up an "in" joke
and took it so far that people actually

look sides on it, like it was a
real live mrr column style debate
topic? and what if didn't actually
mean anything, at least not specifically

enough to be readily translatable?
then it means everything.
the pride in making something
no one can enjoy is enjoyment enough.


*HE TOOK STUFF OUT OF YOUR HOUSE,
CLEVER THIEF BUT WE'RE ALL PRETTY
CLEVER-CLEVER TOO AS WELL. WE
DREW PLANS TO STEAL IT
ALL BACK AND BUY IT
OFF OF YOU.
RALLY ROUND
YOU.
ALL
THAT
MAT-
TERED
BECAUSE
NOW
YOU ARE
A THIEF
TOO. LOOKING
FOR RALLY
THIEF GIRLS
TOO ♡ 48
STRAIGHT
NO
TIME


1
2
3
4
5
6

-Augusta-

pale, dim breasts
and imbalanced thighs
named her ugly
days she'd hem skirts
or knead dough
staring on her knuckles
sniffling, for her
nose always dripped
trickles into her mouth
as a youth,
she'd hurry to mirrors
seeking a truer reflection
I saw her once, at dusk-
she stood unclothed at
the opened window, laughing.

-Alexander Hickox

Magnet for children
as loud as

n not{pop/Courier findfont}if/FontInfo
c messages xch mxUF tr from form/dyUL ed/dxU
O ed/dxSO ed}if fUL rSO or{currentfont
n not{ space zz top er findfont}if/FontInfo
div Sy mul/cyUL ed}if}bd/min{2 copy g
car shopping party week- P{/ft end sex mess all over my p}
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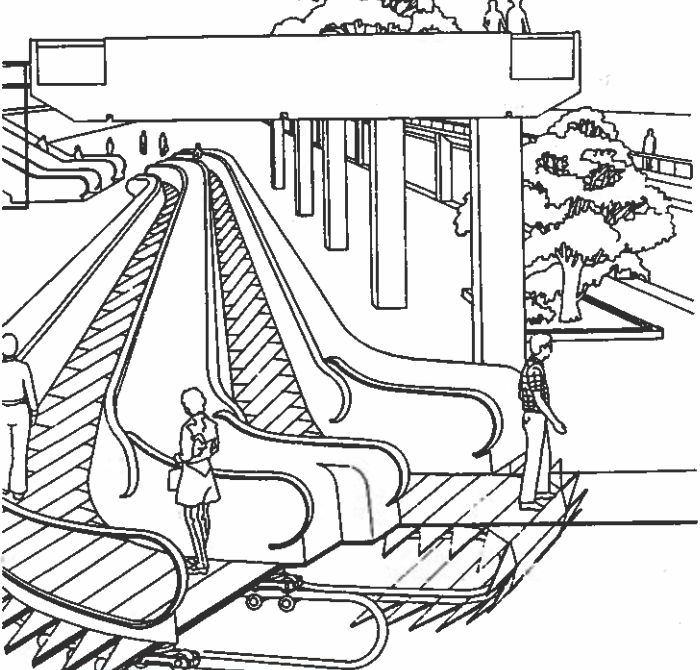
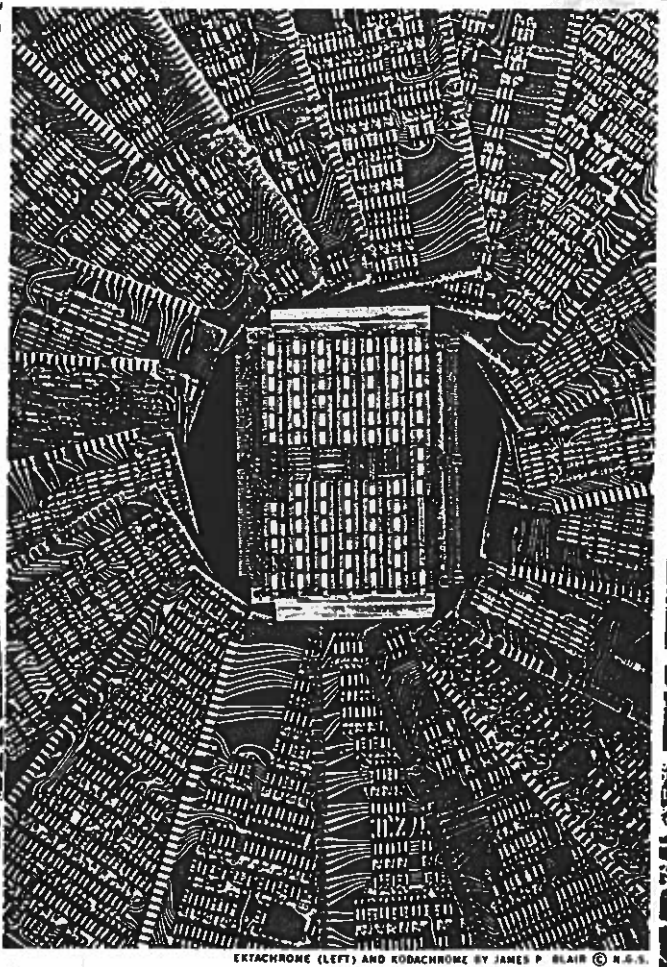
okenbar}{/bar}i /FontInfo



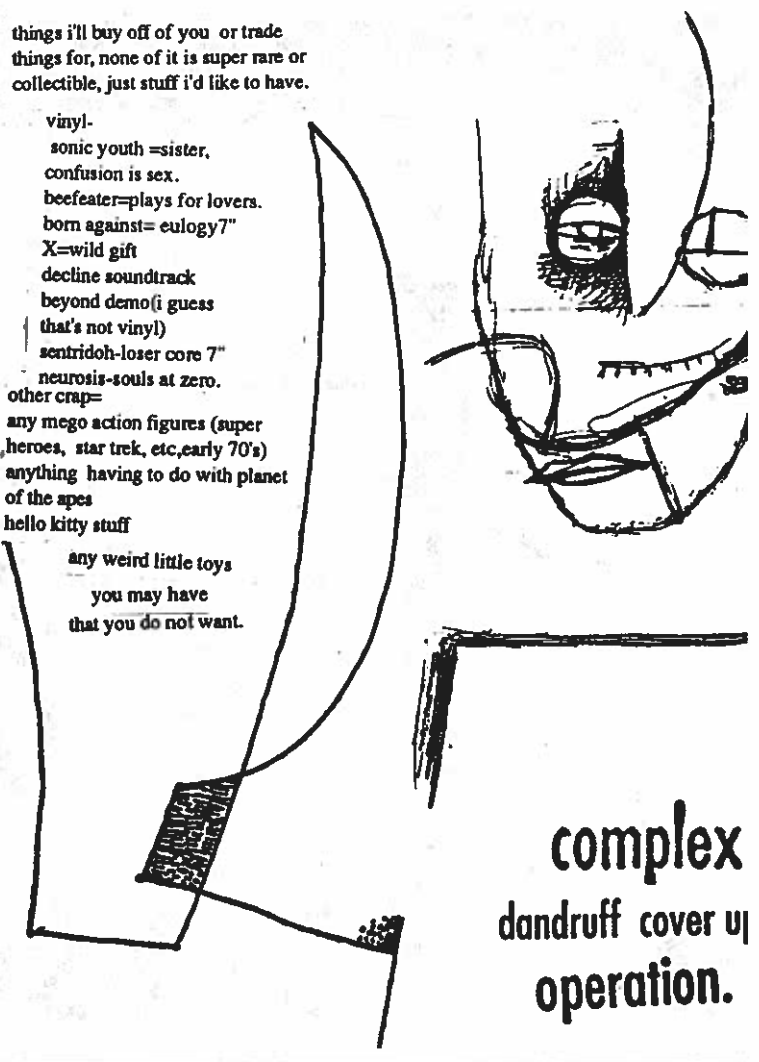


EKTACHROME (LEFT) AND KODACHROME BY JAMES P. BLAIR © N.G.S.

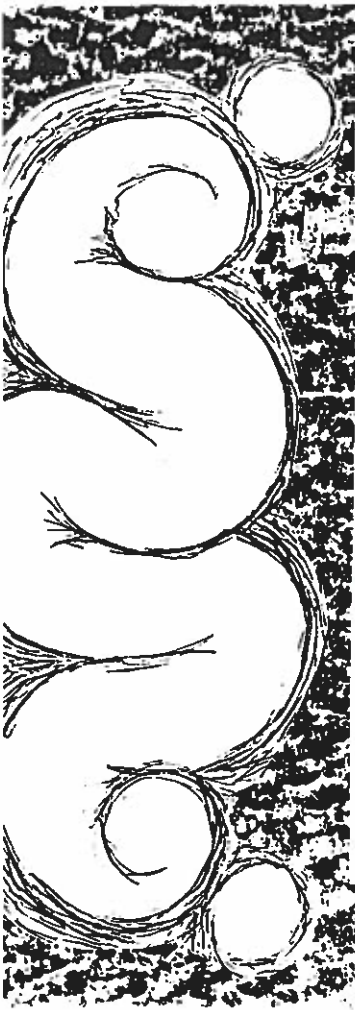
things i'll buy off of you or trade things for, none of it is super rare or collectible, just stuff i'd like to have.

vinyl-
sonic youth =sister,
confusion is sex.
beefeater=plays for lovers.
born against= eulogy7"
X=wild gift
decline soundtrack
beyond demo(i guess that's not vinyl)
sentridoh-loser core 7"
neurosis-souls at zero.

other crap=
any mego action figures (super heroes, star trek, etc,early 70's)
anything having to do with planet of the apes
hello kitty stuff
any weird little toys you may have that you do not want.



complex
dandruff cover u
operation.



-love in the suburbs-

if I crash-land in the kitchen
when the sun is terribly high
roll me onto my back
so my eyelids become stoplights
humming in the skylight blaze

kiss my gleaming burgonet
only as long as you're joking
and I'm laying fallen
on the baked brick linoleum
smirking at the hidden thrill

roll me onto my back
and strip me quivering
put yourself on top
but please leave me lying
so my eyelashes are blankets

-Alexander Hickox

Alex Hicox as Hammercock

omay said: "We'll fuck
his time!" No more
uckin' around" ←
lex "Yes!"

insert tornado face.

the end.

I am so fuckin' weird

look what I did!!

Melonie Siebert

please heel. Dave,
your pancake called.
it seems it split
it's wrists.

— love
Kim Shoe Sauce

sunny and driving to dine a total stranger
because she's a good dancer. i quick trip out
of my face, for aband-
oning familiarity.

it seemed like a good
idea at the time.

AR---S

formula

once it was my job to feed worms to turtles andthings one day we found the biggest worm of all and i play ed with her all day and named her miranda. then we

had to feed her to the hedge hog. later on that day the hedge hog died.

ha ha

parachel.

Lowboy.

ind something else
to be excited about.
es, yes, be bitter
d cynical. spend
l your time talking
out the things you
te, let your life become
self conscious caffinated
temper tantrum.

An open letter to

Jacob the foolhardy temptress.

upon reading your inquiry, where of course every else saw you had written about your dismay with what we gav you or how we acted, i personally ask you to step down from you bristol of should we say monetary high back and ask yourself about others when they didn't tell you i called, which you hadn't them, and the fact that you thought we had gotten so upset about what you wrote to ms. Paytress and how she would feel if you twisted her kindness The nicer thing about some people is that when you hold a match to them they melt.

On friday morning when I was driving home from my copy insultant job in my gas swollen volkswagen that i'm ever,ever so proud of, I listened to a talk radio show- local mind you, that was having a contest for the best joke of the hour. the same station that i have been calling incessantly for the past 3 months and talking nonsense to for a compilation for the amusement of my roomates and the ever so famous matt eland, which if you are interested you can have a free cassette of by writing 889 lawrence ct. #10 kent ohio 44240 inspired by my ever so museful joe curran. raced to the phone and dialed wishing the greeter a good, good morning and told my joke about a boy who had to look for a pearl owned by a midget to get his fathers inheritance and its really really kinda stupid but the reaction is good i just don't want to go into that now.

derek erdman

well i didn't eat the weekend
but i put the weight back on
again
n bur boy got back from MUNICH
he didn't like it much he
saw history of the world and
man who fell to earth - twice
each, at least, twice each, at
least

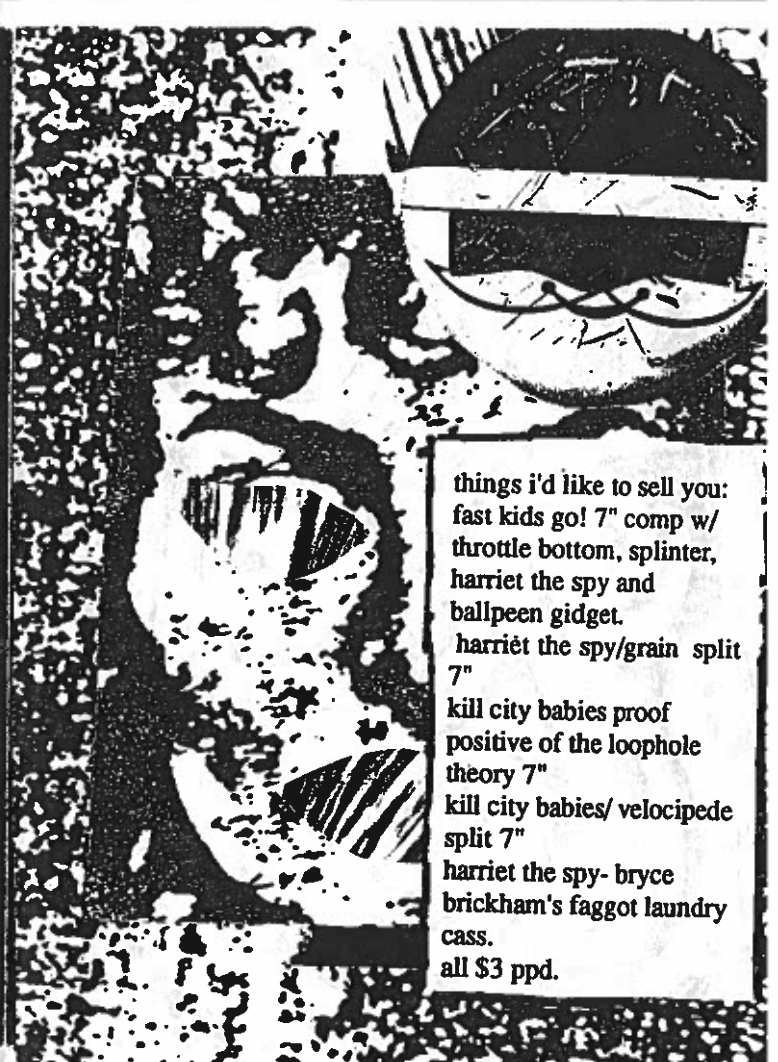
it just goes to show
no nerves left wednesday morning
and i think i'll cut mein dyckhoff
the trouble it got me in
went home to my slum
canyon on
my way i looked up, i
savn turrets of victorian
wealth
i saw john the ex-fox
sleeping in some outside bogs
(there's a silent rumble, in
the buildings of the night council)
sunday morning dancing i had an
awake dream I was in the supervision
dept of a big town store
security 1-4(we had cameras in
the clothes dummies)

a man came up to them, he wanted sex
in the dummies eyes. then it came
up to cry
security mobilized
i guess this goes to show the lie
dream of william soul scene
tuesday scamper, a sheath of blue
and the window liquid
we had placed a variety copper
jars in their tiny hands.
back in Prague where we got
the countryside pregnant
i could see the excess
where the camera clothes line
studied
i guess this goes to show

derek erdman

303
CORRECTS ALIGNMENT

I passed out. I need sugar.
—love
P.S.
bring me some.
eat lead cowboy
それは二日酔いの薬、ニューオーリンズまで取ってきて。
事故防止のため、ブーツを履いてください。


things i'd like to sell you:
fast kids go! 7" comp w/
throttle bottom, splinter,
harriet the spy and
ballpeen gidget.
harriet the spy/grain split
7"
kill city babies proof
positive of the loophole
theory 7"
kill city babies/ velocipede
split 7"
harriet the spy- bryce
brickham's faggot laundry
cass.
all $3 ppd.

GAIER

sextion #1: the college janitor thing

at the beginning of my sophomore year i had somewhat of a boyfriend at the nearby college. the relationship came to END (admittedly my fault) and he left skool. my friend catie told me of a boy she'd seen that i must see. he worked as a janitor in the center for campus activities, the CURRIS CENTER. inside the curris center is the only place to buy art suppli catie took me after skool one day to see this boy. the minute i saw him was instant infatuation. never have i stalked someone, ESPECIALLY a boy. but everyday, i found i needed a certain colour of paint, or ink fo my pen. i went to the curris center nearly everyday after skool just to catch a glance of him cleaning up ashes or washing windows. sometimes he'd meet my eyes and i'd run away. i've never done that either. anything BUT shy, i am. soon everyone found out i had a crush on a janitor. prom nite last year, i ended up at sum party playing bass for a band i didn't even know, being the only person under 18 years old (14yrs.!), and getting drunk with my pal frankie. we sat outside after i got tired of playing dum-o bass and the janitor boy walked up. he said a few words to frankie, i think i passed out, remember him "flying" (like a little kid) around the lawn. his name is Paul heil. i've never talked to him and probably never will. i have such a concieved idea of him as perfection in my mind — i don't really want to ruin it by finding out anything i don't want to know i have experienced infatuation (once is enuff.). my "gook" friend: Jensen's mom is

an art prof. at the college, and Paul is one of her students. he makes things out of metal. once he peed on a clock he made to make it tarnish. someone told me he's engaged to a volleyball player. that's okay. i'll always have a supercrush on a janitor.

— hilar

ahzine of the year award:

whatever.

pobox 207
lawrence, ks
66044-0207

one woman's journal about her unhealthy obsession with todd rundgren. very scary because it's not meant to be funny, she's serious. i can't effectively explain, so i've reprinted bits of it for you.

I just realized that this probably needs a note of explanation. Most of you are probably asking yourselves, "ok, but who is Todd Rundgren"

To which I would answer, A Genius. A Visionary. The most brilliant, amazing, awesome person on the planet. My Hero - artistically, spiritually – Humanly.

Most people would simply say he's a musician. You might recognize him form "We've Gotta Get You a Woman" or "Hello, It's Me" or "Can We Still Be Friends". Maybe you've seen him recently in the media talking about his new interactive CD, "No World Order"

If you're intrigued, and want to find out why I think he's so much more than just a musician, I recommend checking out the Healing album or Nearly Human.

But even if you don't know and/or don't care who he is, you can still enjoy my demented ramblings.

Dear Todd,
It's a really good time in my life for us to get together.

What do you say?
—Shelly

If I was Todd, and I got a letter like that,
I'd write back.
I'd say –
oh, yeah? why.
And I'd give me my phone number so I could call and tell me why.

I love Todd.
I want to marry Todd.
And have kids.
Todd's & Todd-ettes - and I want to write songs with him - and have out of body experiences with him.

I know we're soul mates.
So I just have to wait for him to find me.

Or maybe I could help him out with a letter like that.

My heart aches when I think about Todd sometimes.
Like it's aching for a missing part.

12/28/86 7:47am

You are so unbelievable -
yet I believe.
I think I'd believe whatever you'd say, no matter how absurd or untrue it may seem
(In fact, it is most often the most absurd seeming things which are ultimately true).

You could not believe how much - how deeply and strongly you've influenced my life.

..... It's so hard liking Kevin.
I don't want anything hard.
I want something so incredibly easy I can't help myself.
Like Todd.

He forgot again to ask me to runn off with him –
maybe he'll remember next time -
he had a lot of opportunity last night
I mean –he and I were standing around by each other for a long time.

my life.

v. to yield utterly, to desert,
.e; to withdraw protection,

AFF

Kwak Kwang

significance
extension

EP... THIS IS NOT THE...
...ING RATHER, IT'S SOME...

EXCELLOPHONE ★ ARMS UP

One-Step-To-Orbit Rocketry

7 (Raymc
:al Env:
Social Work, U.

PLAYLIST ★
YUGA ICSTRIBU
BISCUSFACET
KYGIRLCNUNK
OOOBAOOBA —
IETA MUSLIX —

In 1980, approximately one
In the United States lived in rural Americ
million individuals over the age of 65 year
smaller communities generally tended to
proportion of population over the age of
ford, Heaton, Voss, & Fugitt, 1985).
villages of 1,000 to 2,500 had the highe
of their population over 65 years of
whereas, the urban fringe (i.e., that par
population which is commonly referred t
lowest percentage over 65 (10

IT'S
NOT
NORMAL.

ZINES★★

psd #4-interview with crash worship, astronauts, harriet the spy, drug tales, atmospheric music. excellent center fold cartoon.3122 n newhall milwaukee wi 53211-3040.

l, yeast roll- interviews with ben hamper(author of rivet head, scraps, and sticks and stones. born against tour diary, and my favorite, foopie. really, really good. vermiform po box 12065 richmond va 23241.

second guess #10- crappy layout, but makes up for it by being extra beefy on text.long essay on male- male sexual assault, tour diary, reviews.. well written. po box 9382 reno nv 89507.

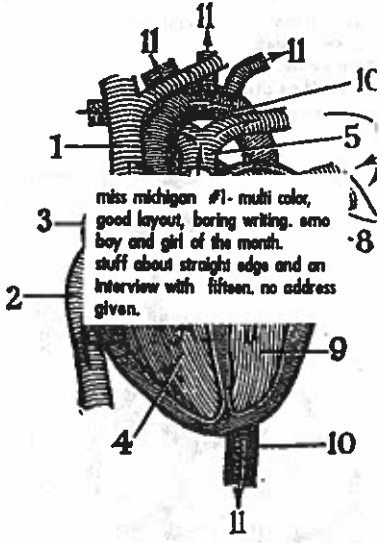
disillusion #2- band photos, interviews with into another, scab and lincoln. there's some jokes in here, not exactly funny (?)the frands bacon dip art screaming pope as lounge singer is really neat. josh peach 57 w. california st columbus oh 43202.

sparkly kittie stickers #4- travel tales, pictures of bands (jaw breaker guy is wearing a really cool shirt that i want, he's not cool enough, not at all.) essays and lots of talk about the kitty revol ution. i'm down. 4204 se 26 portland or 97202.

brik a brik #3- pretty retarded, kinda fun. man or astroman interview. article about the on going debate concerning who's better, dukes of hazzard or knight rider. 4795 jewel st capitola ca 95010.

grumblephuck- essays about gg allin, response to the diane files, sexual issues handled very well, and more. john's a realy good writer, i can't reccomend this enough 2622 princeton rd cleve hts oh 44118.

my letter to the world #6&7- bands do mad libs at the end of their interviews. nice zine, everyth in it is fun. po box 40082 berkely ca 94704.



miss michigan #1- multi color, good layout, boring writing. emo boy and girl of the month. stuff about straight edge and an interview with fifteen. no address given.

sseur #4-messy dip art,
essy drawings, messy hand
iting. funny and good. unlike
y adjectives. 142 senate dr
it pa 15236.

shole weekly- as the name
iplies, assorted mean-ness and
s, it comes out every week.
e of the funnier zines around.
box 3183 kent oh 44240.

ujellifeddy- cute kid stars etc if
u get my drift. kind of dever,
hirt reviews are amusing.
north st collinsville ct 06022-
42.

odbox #4- this is the last woodbox
er!!! the reoccuring self
sdomation isssue, who gives a
t? no address given. it must
be vegan to print your address.

fucktooth #12- everyone loves fuck tooth. it must be because the name is so, uh, dever. well written, but it's kinda the same issue every time. jen needs some inspiration i think. layout couldn't be less interesting. jme 221 w 12th st columbus oh 43210.

a fish out of water fanzine #1- militant omnivore. wierd. band photos, short essays. po box 35241 deve oh 44135.

too far #11- a pretty good essay by a male rape victim, interviews with ben weasle and jello biafra. reviews of zines. po box 40185 berkely ca 94704-4185.

sacraficial lamb #5- sodalized medicine, doc dart interview reprinted from ear of corn. clogging toilets= social freedom. write for details. po box 3183 kent oh 44240.

INSTAMATIC State of Excitement

Move anywhere!

OUTER SPACE IS BEING RE-CREATED ON EARTH

Orbital power Head On

Tempo Never Sleeps

STYLING THAT MOVES YOU

EVEN WHEN IT'S

STANDING STILL

Jittery Spacecraft

Swimming To Mars

WATCH CHILDRENS
ATTITUDES AND EXPRESSION.